

Two Cadets Sacrifice Pleasure for Duty

Sub. for Army Mule for the
Glory of Corps and Fore-
go Seeing the Game.

ANTICS OF BEASTIE
DELIGHTS THE CROWD

Cheer Leaders Run Yells Off Like
Clockwork, and There Is
Noise Galore.

There were two mighty unhappy men at the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon. They were within fifteen feet of the gridiron all through the game, but they might just as well have been at the Battery for all they saw of the battle between the naval and military branches of the service. They substituted for the cadet battalion to entrain at West Point yesterday the mule was indisposed and refused to make the trip. Without the mule all was lost, thought the young soldiers, but a little quick thinking and the hurried procurement of an imitation mule, minus the motive power, solved the problem, so that when the cadets marched on to the field they had with them as their mascot a sure enough mule.

The mule could one-step and "rag" and keep step with the band and do a great many things that a really and truly mule can't do. It couldn't bray, however, and an inventive genius had bethought himself of a suitable substitute for the bray and succeeded well. The mule had two different kinds of whistles and could make them both blow at once; he had a set of bells that jingled merrily, he could move his tail all around the compass, and last, but not least, he could waltz with his fore feet and jig with his hind ones. When the Army scored the mule went around and shook "hands" with every one in sight, and when the tide turned for the Navy the mule sat down and reflected. And the crowd roared its delight.

Billy, the Navy goat, was on deck in all his splendor. Billy is well down the list of Navy goats, and he succeeds the one that died mysteriously just before the game last fall. Whether the old Billy was sacrificed to bring victory to the mules or whether he just died an ordinary and natural death the mules won't say. The new Billy wore a blanket of blue, with gold trimmings, bearing the letters "NAVY" and an anchor on each flank. He had a private attendant in the person of a midshipman, who had him secured to the end of a long rope. Billy didn't seem to take much interest in the game, nor did he resent the conquest of the Army mule over the multitude.

There was little difficulty in getting into the Polo Grounds, and there was no crowding around the entrance, because the police lines were drawn at 15th street and Eighth avenue, as at the world's series baseball games, and everybody had to show his ticket before being permitted to advance nearer the grounds.

Automobiles filed up to the Eighth avenue entrance in a never-ending procession from a little after noon until time for the game to begin. They passed up one side of Eighth avenue and down the other, and were forced to seek parking space in the side streets and Broadway avenue. While the game was in progress there was a double row of cars in every side street from 15th street to 14th street, reaching from Broadway avenue on the west to Seventh avenue on the east.

Hat an Umbrella, Too.

One stylishly gown woman who sat in a lower tier box wore a hat that became the envy of all her sisters when rain began to fall in the second half. The hat was of an ultra modish shape, and was made entirely of patent leather that shed the drops of rain like the proverbial duck's back. The feather, too, seemed to be waterproof. It was indeed an up-to-the-minute creation.

"Scotty" McMaster came on to the field with a football under each arm. When he got in front of the Army section he had to stop repeatedly and return shouts of greeting. Oldtimers by the score lost their dignity as they paid their respects to the old man.

The cadets were the first on the field and were in their seats when the middle battalion, resplendent in gold and blue, marched on the field. When their scarlet uniforms had at last taken their places in the north stand the cadets roared out a welcome that brought a hearty response from the midshipmen. It was the first evidence of the good feeling that exists between the branches of the service.

Al Sharpe, the old Yale back, who for the last two years has been coach of the Cornell football team, appeared on the field and in the Cornell football uniform. He was the center of a group of Army and Navy coaches just before the game began, who congratulated him on the splendid victory of the Ithacans on Thursday.

Old John Murphy, the late groundskeeper at the Polo Grounds, is dead, but his spirit still guides the hands of those who have succeeded him in laying out the grounds. Some of the little curiosities for which John was famous were in evidence. In front of the Army section the emblem of the football team was worked out in design on the lawn, and the same was done with the Navy emblem on its side of the field.

Ingram, the sturdy right end of the Navy team, who played a valiant and spectacular game, is an all around athlete, a thing in which he emulates his brother, Jonas. The present Ingram rows in the Navy crew, and has also tried his hand at baseball. Jonas Ingram was captain of the Navy crew that rowed at Poughkeepsie in 1907, and he was also a star back on the football team and a good baseball player, winning his "N" in all three branches of sport.

Charley Brickley was in the press box, and seemed to take great interest in Brown's kicking from placement. He didn't seem to think, however, that the big Navy guard would equal his own record of five goals from field, which he hung up last week, when, single handed, he outscored and defeated Yale.

Cheer Leaders Got Results. Unlike the big colleges, the Army had only one cheer leader, and apparently he got better results than his civilian brothers. None of the faulty singing that marred the Yale and Princeton cheering sections was noticed in the Army and Navy stands, and every cheer and song went off like clockwork. Perhaps the

Navy Need Not Hang Its Head

Jim Reilly, coach of the Navy team, spoke glowingly of his team after the game. "The team was beaten, but has no cause to hang its head. The men fought with the courage typical of an American sea officer, and were in there all the time. Of course, we regret that we lost, but some one has to win, and we have the satisfaction that we gave the best we had."

Charles Daly, head coach of the West Point eleven, was almost too elated for words. He spoke in the highest terms of his men, and declared that they played the kind of football which wins nine out of ten games. When asked for an expression he said:

"The score tells the story. Every man played his part, and played it well. A coach could ask nothing more."

fact that the cheer leaders had a card by which they announced the cheers helped much. Some of the Army cheers, according to the cards, were "Tip!" Wow, Rocket, Charge, Long A, Long C and Short C." The Navy's yells were the Siren, N4, and just plain noise.

While the game was in progress the Army band sat in state with the battalion. The Navy band, on the other hand, sat at the west end of the field, in the baseball press box, and took no part at all in the proceedings. Even when the game was drawing to a close, and the Army band was getting ready to lead the snake dance around the field, the Navy musicians stayed where they were.

"Nicholls catches Jouett's punt at second base" was a reality many a time, for the 40-yard line bisected second base. The goal posts at the west end of the field were set just a few feet back and to one side of the home plate.

"Good Night, Navy," to the tune of "Good Night, Ladies," was the taunting song that the cadets sang as the score mounted higher in their favor. Every time there was a score the whole military contingent bade the Annapolis squad "Good Night," and they didn't appear to be sad about it, either.

"Hurry Up" Yost, Michigan's famous coach, was the first of the football notables to appear on the gridiron. Yost spent two days on the plains at West Point helping Lieutenant Charley Daley put the finishing touches on the Army team, and he felt naturally that he had a proprietary interest in the soldiers.

A Giant Golden A.

The color schemes worked out by the Army battalion were an innovation. Each cadet had a flag, one side of which was gold with a gray A and the other side black with a gray A. When the battalion sang "Benny Havens" and the flags were waved in unison, there was a complete change of color with every move, with the gold and black showing alternately.

The cadets had apparently spent a lot of time in planning their invasion of the Polo Grounds, and their seats were so assigned that when those sitting in certain sections put on the gold caps and caps they found on the chairs a gigantic golden A was formed against the gray body of cadets.

The middies were a sorely disappointed battalion, and when the game was over they never left out a sound save a cheer for the Army. Furthermore the middies were a tired lot. They left Annapolis shortly after 6 o'clock, and after riding in trains for more than five hours spent another hour on a ferry before reaching the Polo Grounds. The same trip faced them after the game, and it was not until after midnight that they reached the Naval Academy again.

No one was happier over the Army triumph than William C. Muschenheim, proprietor of the Hotel Astor. When he first came to this country Mr. Muschenheim was at West Point, and he knows personally every graduate of the Military Academy from the early '70s down to the present day.

Just after the Army made its third touchdown in the last period, an Army officer standing just behind the box of W. H. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, on the upper tier, became wildly excited and waved his cap with such fervor that Secretary McAdoo had to duck. "I don't care," "I don't care," shouted the officer. "Did you ever see an Army team like this one?"

The triumph of the Army was to many only a reflection of Harvard's victory over Yale last week, for the coaches of the two teams were mostly exponents of the Crimson and the Blue systems of play. With Charley Daly, the old Harvard quarterback, and Army head coach being assisted by "Ham" Fish, captain of the 1909 Harvard team, it was not surprising that West Point absorbed a lot of Harvard's style of play, while the Navy, with Jim Reilly, "Bo" Olcott and Jack Cates on deck at Annapolis, took a few pages out of Yale's book.

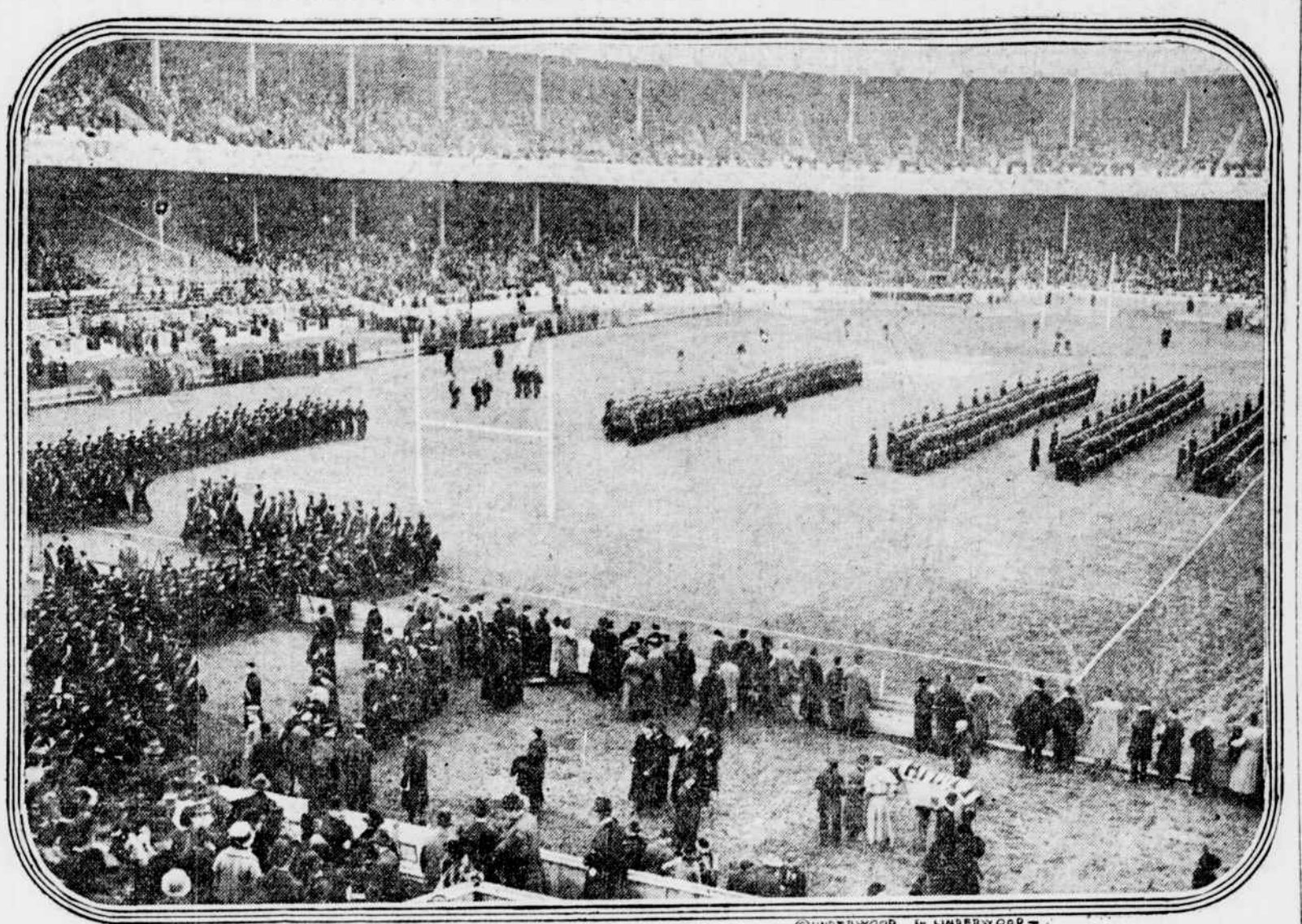
Harry A. Fisher, graduate manager of athletics at Columbia and the Walter Camp of college basketball, was on the sidelines with Tom Thorpe, the old Columbia captain and tackle, who is now coaching Fordham.

ARMY TEAM LOOKED GOOD TO TUMULTY

And President Wilson's Cousin Is
Sorry He Offered to Bet a
Box of Cigars.

Although President Wilson had no favorite in the Army-Navy game, his secretary, Joseph P. Tumulty, had, and for some days he will be smoking some fragrant Havanas which his judgment brought to him. "Joe" isn't a betting man, but when John Wilson, a cousin of the President, declared his belief that the Navy would win, and furthermore said he was willing to back up that belief with a friendly wager of a box of Perfection, "Joe" quietly said, "You're on." Of course, "Joe" collected the cigars. "How did you figure it out, Joe?" asked one of his friends. "Oh, I just had a hunch the Army would win. You know, the Secretary of War comes from New Jersey, and you can't beat Jersey luck."

MIDSHIPMEN MARCHING ON THE FIELD JUST BEFORE HOSTILITIES BEGAN THAT
ENDED IN A VICTORY FOR THE ARMY ELEVEN.



ARMY NAILS ITS COLORS Pennants Fixed Atop Goal Posts Wave Over Deserted Field.

Two Army pennants nodded and waved from the west goal posts at the Polo Grounds last night. After the snake dance a cadet shed his overcoat and white cuffs and cap and, taking his pennant in his teeth, shinned up the goal post to the top.

There he took a good grip with his legs and proceeded to fasten the flag to the upright with a strip of yellow cloth.

A fellow cadet did the same trick to the other post, while more joyous emblems of officers danced and hugged one another underneath. A number of midshipmen gathered in the crowd were not behind the others in voicing their applause.

Back in midsummer spectators at the Polo Grounds paid for cushions to relieve the hardness of the wooden chairs and benches in the stadium. Yesterday the cushions were put to a different use by many. They discovered before the game had been long under way that the concrete floors developed severe cases of cold feet, and the remedy was found in using the cushions as foot rests. Which may be a good tip for next summer.

For those unlucky mortals living on Washington Heights who were not able to see the game the exodus from the stands provided a spectacle that will be remembered for a long time. Although the rain was falling briskly before the stands had emptied, there was an unbroken line of the curious along the cliffs overlooking the Speedway. And they stayed until the crowd had gone.

"Quite a difference from the last big day at the Polo Grounds," said one of the spectators, referring to the recent unpleasantness between the Giants and Athletics. "Then it was pure misery watching the championship drift away from the home team. To-day I can whomp it up for both teams and I don't give a hang which wins."

GOLD LACE DELUGES THE HOTEL LOBBIES

Admirals and Generals Discard
Dignity to Rub Elbows with
Middies and Cadets.

The gloom and more or less resignation to a defeat was turned into the rejoicing over a well won victory around the Hotel Astor, the headquarters of the Army football team, last night.

All through the morning and up to the time that the squad started on its journey to the Polo Grounds, the spirits of the crowd that thronged the lobby, from the most grizzled colonel to the rawest shavetail, were anything but jubilant. And the two little brass cannons seemed in truth to be loaded only with hope.

Quite in contrast was the confidence that was the burden of conversation at the Hotel Vanderbilt, where the Navy team was quartered. The wearers of the blue and yellow bits of ribbon were in a holiday mood. The crowd reeked of confidence.

The atmosphere in the lobbies of both hotels was more like that of a class reunion than anything else in the world. Sun-bronzed ensigns and junior lieutenants gripped hands with classmates that they had not seen in a year, or perhaps since the last Army-Navy game. For they reckon time more or less that way in the service.

It was a gay crowd, too, with gay ribbons and gay doers and laughing young women, and it reeked with titles and old-fashioned. A mere "cit" could not move without bumping a captain, a lieutenant commander, a general or an admiral. These personages took the jostling in good part, too, and came from behind the barrier of dignity that surrounds them on all other days, and pushed and shoved their way with the rest. It isn't often that a junior officer can bump into a colonel or a captain and get away with it.

The Navy team was the first to leave for the gridiron. All the morning the players kept close to their rooms and tried hard to forget the coming contest. A few favored friends and relatives managed to get by the fellow middies on guard for a short chat with the men. At noon there was a light luncheon for the squad. Then Lieutenant Commander Howard, the head coach, J. J. Reilly, his assistant, the entourage piled into twenty yellow taxicabs and were whirled away. The Army team followed, and although it Grounds by the elevated, and although it left the Astor later than the Navy, it arrived on the battleground a few minutes earlier. This was seen as a good omen by some of the Army supporters.

Mere Figures Deceptive as to Play of Old Rivals

Continuity Lacking in Run-
ning Attack of Both
Teams and Punting Was
Below Average.

An analysis of the game in which the Navy fought its way to victory over the Army at the Polo Grounds yesterday is rather deceptive so far as mere figures are concerned. The cadets gained 108 yards by straight rushing, which included the 65-yard run by Merrillat, while the Navy gained 118 yards in the same way, including a 45-yard run by Nicholls.

The midshipmen also made three first downs by rushing to two for the cadets, which shows that the running attack lacked continuity, and that most of the yardage resulted from open field work.

The punting was not quite up to the usual standard, more particularly as both Priehard, the Army quarter, and Nicholls were fast and elusive in a broken field. As a matter of fact the Navy gained 175 yards by running back punts to 156 for the Army.

The victory hinged to a large extent on the use of the forward pass. The Army gained forty-eight yards in this way and two resulted in touchdowns. The Navy made seven forward passes in all and failed to complete one.

Billy Langford, the referee, ruled, as usual, with an iron hand, and carried the game along in the most efficient way. Dr. Al Sharp, head coach at Cornell, also was wide awake as umpire, and so far as could be seen, meted out penalties when needed and with the utmost fairness.

The players showed the utmost good feeling, but the tackling was fierce, hard and aggressive. No quarter was asked, none was given. It is always so when the cadets and midshipmen meet. No serious accidents marred the struggle, although McElvaine strained his knee and had to be carried off the field.

The ball was cleanly handled on the whole, although the Army made four fumbles, losing the ball once, while the Navy made five and lost it twice. On the whole, the football was above the standard of Army-Navy games and full of credit to both teams.

HIS OWN CHEERING SECTION

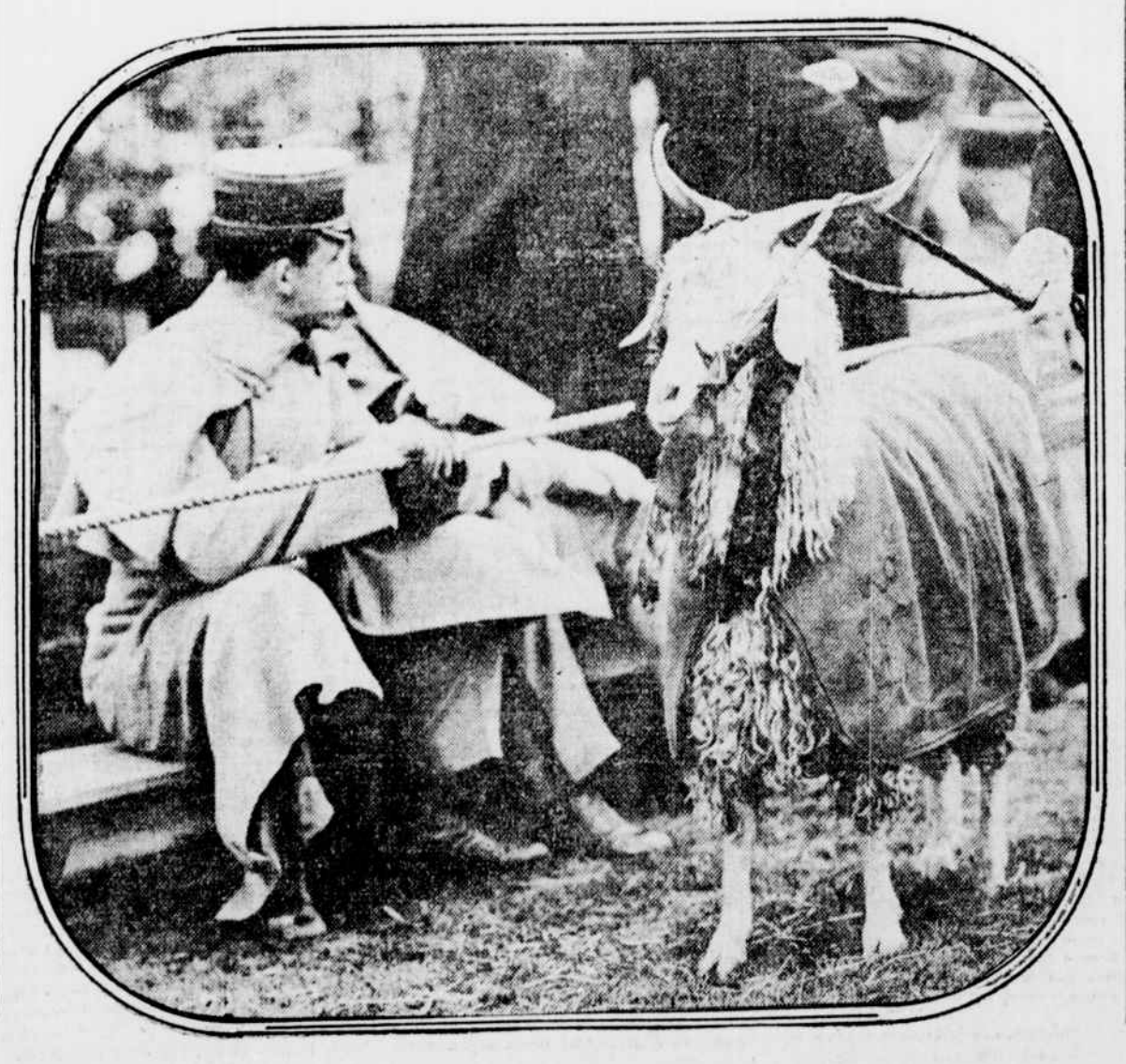
Secretary Daniels Brings Four
Sons to Root for Navy.

Secretary Daniels went Secretary Garrison one better in the rooting at yesterday's game.

day's game, for the Secretary of the Navy brought his own corps of rooters with him in the person of four husky sons. The boys rooted just as hard as any of the midshipmen, and during the game spent the greater part of their time with the "middies," joining in the various cheers and songs, which they had learned.

Mrs. Daniels rooted hard for the Navy to win, but not any harder than Mrs. Garrison, whose joy at the victory of the Army was as great as that of the Secretary of War.

THE NAVY GOAT, WHICH WAS DRAGGED OFF THE FIELD IN
DISGRACE AFTER THE GAME.



JOY DELIRIOUS AT CADET CELEBRATION

Gridiron Victors Are Lions
at Dinner in the
Hotel Astor.

ARMY MEN TURN
OUT IN FORCE

Defeated Midshipmen Visit The-
atre and Dine in Gloom—
All Go Home To-day.

With a dinner the West Point cadets celebrated at the Hotel Astor last night their football victory over the Navy in a manner befitting the occasion. Uniforms, gold lace and handsomely gowned women formed a scene that lacked little in resplendency.

It was a gala night for the gridiron victors, and they made the most of it. The students will return to their studies to-day.

While entertainment for the defeated athletes partook of a more sombre air, the midshipmen enjoyed their evening at theatres and in an informal dinner at the Vanderbilt Hotel.

Brass buttons and gold braid shone brightly in the corridors and dining rooms of the Astor from an early hour in the evening. The dinner, which was held in the grand ballroom, was attended by more than 2,000 persons. The victorious football squad and Colonel F. W. Sladen, commandant of cadets, and his staff were in boxes overlooking the main floor.

The fun started as soon as the Army men began to stream back from the scene of their victory, about 5:20 o'clock. Soon it was almost impossible to get into the hotel lobby, which was packed with cheering cadets. All was confusion, with a babel of yells. And while the cadets gloated army officers from every corner of the country held reunions in corners of the building.

A souvenir of the dinner was the menu card, with a thrilling scene from a past Annapolis-West Point game as the frontispiece, and the records of all previous games between the two academies set out at the close. Each woman received a little football filled with confetti.

When the football squad entered the boxes the cheering was deafening. Besides the cadets there were many men from other colleges and universities present, and few institutions failed to contribute a yell or two during the evening.

A military hon followed the dinner. Beside Colonel Sladen, his staff and members of the football squad, those for whom tables had been reserved included Colonel Daniel Appleton, Colonel S. R. Allen, Captain James F. Bell, Colonel E. M. Blake, Captain L. C. Benton, Captain W. B. Cochrane, Lieutenant G. H. Bald, Colonel J. M. Andrews, E. W. Bellinger, Robert Boettger, Mrs. George S. Brown, Major George K. Conevan, Major William Chamberlain, Captain O. Collins, Mrs. Julia Rowe Davis, Lieutenant Colonel C. F. Flagger, Mrs. Morris C. Foote, Edward E. Gold, Colonel Henry J. Goldman, Mrs. W. H. Hamilton, Colonel H. N. Handley, Captain T. P. Holcombe, Lieutenant Colonel L. H. Holt, Lieutenant Colonel Odus C. Horsey, Christian G. Hupfel, Charles J. W. Kelly, Captain William McK. Hamilton, Mrs. Joseph F. Lynch, Connie Mack, Captain James Brady Mitchell, Captain James A. Moss, Captain J. K. Parsons, Colonel John Pitcher, Frank D. Patten, W. R. Runsey, Captain L. S. Ryan, George Spoor, Captain H. L. Steel, Mrs. Lydia Scranton, Colonel J. Frank Supple, Mrs. E. E. Harte, Colonel J. B. Walker, Mrs. F. D. Waterman, Fritz Williams, C. C. Wilson and Major Charles Wylie.

Including the members of the Annapolis team, about forty friends of the defeated midshipmen gathered at the Vanderbilt Hotel after attending the Longacre Theatre. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels was among them, as were Secretary William G. McAdoo of the Treasury, Governor Martin J. Glynn and William F. McCombs, chairman of the national committee. Professor Paul J. Dashiell was toastmaster.

FEARED FALL ON WILSON

Aviator Not Allowed to Sail
Above Football Field.

Sergeant Samuel Katzman, of the field artillery at West Point, an army aviator, was refused permission yesterday at the last moment to make a flight from Governor's Island to the Polo Grounds, where he planned to circle over the stands while the Army-Navy football game was in progress.

He was told by the authorities that the possibility of a fall, particularly with President Wilson among the spectators, could not be risked.

COL. SLADEN AT THE GAME

With Seven Lieutenants Mar-
shals Cadets to Field.

Colonel Sladen, the commandant at West Point, accompanied the cadets to the grounds yesterday, and he had as his assistants Lieutenants Butler, Willard, Gallagher, Irving, Baird, Lewis and Gregory, each of whom had command of a company of the cadets.

When the game was over and the Army had won the crowd poured out of the Polo Grounds and swarmed into the surface cars, elevated trains and automobiles that were waiting and up the hill to the subway. The police arrangements again were adequate, and Inspector O'Brien and his 100 men handled the crowd easily. There was little, if any, congestion, and half an hour after the closing of the game all that remained in the vicinity of the entrance of the grounds were innumerable scraps of paper and a few torn pennants.

One spectator at the game, also a baseball enthusiast, offered to point out to his friend from out of town the historical points on the Polo Grounds.

Lawn Tennis on Army Courts.

An indoor lawn tennis club has been organized by the members and veterans of the 71st Regiment. The indoor game has long been a favorite pastime at the armory, and with the sport becoming more popular each season its devotees decided to form a lawn tennis association. The drill floor affords space for six regulation courts, which are open to members on Sunday and holiday mornings, as well as one afternoon and evening of the week. Arrangements are now under way for individual and inter-company tournaments, and it is expected that a team will be picked shortly to represent the regiment in open competition.